

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbia Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJAMIN S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an Abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet, and subscribers may take their choice of the following

TERMS.

\$1.50 per annum, if paid within the first 6 months of the subscriber's year.
If paid before three months of the year has expired, a deduction of 25 cents will be made, reducing the price to \$1.25.
If payment be made in advance, or on the receipt of the first number, 50 cents will be deducted, making the subscription but \$1.
To any person wishing to examine the character of the paper, it will be furnished 6 months, for 50 cents in advance; to all others 75 cents will be charged.

No deviation from these terms.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNABY.

Congress—The New Territories.

The House, having a short time previously adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on Territories be instructed to report to this House, with as little delay as practicable, a bill or bills providing a territorial government for each of the Territories of New Mexico and California, and excluding slavery therefrom, Robinson, of Indiana, on the 18th inst., moved to reconsider the vote by which it was adopted.

He said that when he had made the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House had adopted the resolution of the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Root], it was only for the purpose of making explanatory remarks in relation to his own views. He thought that the vote ought to be reconsidered, with a view to allow gentlemen on both sides to do this. The practice which prevailed here to a considerable extent, of offering resolutions and compelling gentlemen to vote upon them, under the pressure of the previous question, often subjected them to much misrepresentation and to many unjust imputations before their constituents and the country; especially when, as in this case, the resolution was a compound one, embracing two distinct propositions, about which members differed widely as to which was the major and which the minor.

The resolution proposed to instruct the Committee on Territories to report a bill organizing territorial governments in New Mexico and California, and excluding slavery therefrom. There were members on this floor who considered the question of organizing a territorial government there as of more importance than anything else; whilst there were others who considered the question of slavery, as connected with them, as paramount to every other consideration. Yet, according to the decision made by the Speaker, the question was indivisible. The House must take all or none.

Again: there were other gentlemen who thought it inexpedient to attempt any legislation during the present session of Congress upon the subject of these territories. For their own part, he admitted that he was one of the last class. These territories had been acquired not only since the present Administration came into power, but they had been acquired since the present Congress had been elected. If, therefore, the question was settled during the present winter, the constituents of gentlemen here would have had no opportunity to act directly upon the question through their representatives elected with relation to it, or to a President elected after the question had been mooted. An effort was made to legislate upon it during the last session, and it failed. It was not unreasonable to suppose that any attempt to legislate upon it during the present session would terminate in a similar way.

Since the question, however, had come up before the country, a Presidential election had been decided. Since an attempt had been made here to take action upon the subject, this election had taken place; and upon the result of that election, this question, above and beyond all others, had a most controlling and all-pervading influence.

It would not be denied by any one, come from what section of the country might, that the question of slavery, as connected with these Territories, absorbed every other. The old domestic question of bank, tariff, distribution, and so forth, sank into insignificance beside it, and were rarely ever referred to, especially by the opponents of General Cass. The result disclosed the extraordinary fact, that the two extremes of the Union, upon this question of slavery, had met and united upon the same Presidential ticket, and, as such, professed to believe that they would subvert directly antagonistic and adverse purposes. But however widely the friends of General Taylor might have differed upon the question of slavery, the North and the South, the East and the West, all seemed to think that he could settle the question, and had more confidence in him than in either of the two other candidates who were before the country.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 4.—NO. 19.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 175.

The party of which he [Mr. R.] professed to be a humble member went before the country with a candidate whose opinions and views had been expressed in the most unequivocal manner. He was in favor of keeping the question of slavery, as connected with these Territories, out of this Hall. This doctrine seemed to have been condemned by the result of the late election. He would add, that so far as he was individually concerned, his position had always been, that the doctrine of non-interference was the better doctrine. If the party to which he belonged were to consult the old Democratic platform—if they were to follow the track which that party had pursued upon all questions—or very generally, at least—such would have been their course. Their object had been to bring into these halls as few questions as possible—to leave to the States themselves as many questions as it was possible to leave to them; and still pursuing that, their party—or, all events, the candidate of that party—was willing to adhere to it on this question of slavery.

It had, however, as he [Mr. R.] had stated, been condemned, and it seemed also that it must not be had under this Administration. The question was taken out of their hands. The people had devolved the duty upon other hands; and under these circumstances, with a dying Administration, and an expiring Congress, he conceived it would be improper to step in between the people, and undertake to settle the question before General Taylor entered upon the duties of the executive office. Suppose it were one of the old domestic questions in which the country had been so much interested, and about which it had been so much agitated—say, for example, the bank or the tariff question—place either of these questions in a parallel condition with this, and he would ask, would it be proper, with a Democratic Administration, just defeated, to undertake to settle it? He thought not. And such also was his opinion of this question.

He was perfectly well aware that the two ends of the Union which supported General Taylor on this particular question of slavery, differed widely from each other; yet on one question they all agreed: that was to say, they had with one accord agreed—if in anything—upon this point, that this Government had the power to legislate on this question of slavery here, and that it ought to exercise that power. He believed, too, that the southern division of the Confederacy which supported General Taylor had taken the lead, if possible, in contending that the Government had the power, and that it was expedient to exercise it. So far as they of the North who had opposed legislation on this question were concerned—he spoke at least for himself—he had opposed it on the ground of expediency alone. He had never opposed it on constitutional grounds. The southern friends of General Taylor seemed unwilling, however, to abide by this doctrine. They were as zealous for legislation as the Wilmot proviso men of the North. He spoke from the record; he drew his authority from the book. He spoke from the speeches of these gentlemen, here and elsewhere.

In proof of this assertion, he would take leave to turn the attention of the gentleman to the bill which came to this House from the Senator, at the last session, known as the compromise bill of Mr. Clayton. That bill proposed to leave the question of slavery where the Constitution of the United States and international law had left it. If under their operation the slaveholders of the South could have taken slaves into these Territories, the bill did not propose to cut them off; but if slaveholders would have been prohibited by these laws from doing so, then the bill did not propose to confer upon them any constitutional right to do so. The bill passed the Senate by the constitutional majority; and, as a party, the Democratic party of the country were willing to abide by this constitutional doctrine, lead where it might. It was a doctrine older than this question; and it would have been anti-Democratic and anti-Republican, nay, more, it would have evinced a willingness to trample on constitutional rights to have contended for more.

Yet, when the bill came to the House, a distinguished gentleman from Georgia and a decided friend of General Taylor, [Mr. Stephens] moved that it be laid on the table. He accordingly laid on the table, seven or eight southern members voting with that gentleman. The gentleman subsequently obtained the floor, and explained his reason for his motion and his vote. They were, that under the operation of the Constitution and of international law, his constituents would not be permitted, under the bill, to take their slaves into these Territories. He went into an elaborate argument to show that slavery was a local institution; that the Constitution had nowhere established it; that slavery had already been abolished in New Mexico and California; and that the passage of the bill would have continued the prohibition, unless altered by competent authority. The gentleman quoted writers upon law, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, and, as he [Mr. R.] thought, very ably made out his case. And he had closed his speech with these propositions:

The first is, that by the bill the whole subject of slavery in California and New Mexico, without any legislation on the part of Congress or the Territorial Governments, one way or the other, is referred to the Judiciary, to determine whether it can legally exist there or not.
2d. That the Constitution of the United States fully recognizes and amply protects the institution of slavery where it exists by the laws of the State or place; but it does not establish it any where, where by the laws of the place, it is prohibited.

3d. That California and New Mexico being Territories acquired by conquest, all the laws which were in force at the time of the conquest, not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, or the stipulation of the treaty of peace, or which were purely of a political character, are, according to well-

settled principles and the adjudication of our own courts, still in force.

4th. That as slavery did not exist there at the time of the conquest, but had been prohibited by express law, the Supreme Court of the United States, to whom the matter was to be referred in the last resort, could not be expected, from the principles of numerous decisions already made, to decide otherwise than that slavery cannot be protected there, until the existing law abolishing it be altered by competent authority.

5th. And, lastly, that these positions being incontrovertible, the bill offered, as it was, as a compromise, and a final settlement of the question, amounted to nothing but a total abandonment and surrender of the right of attending the institutions of the South to their Territories.

In that speech the gentleman had further said, that before he would even vote to carry into effect such legislation, he would require a guarantee for the protection of slave property in those Territories; he had said that that bill was as effectual a prohibition against slavery as the Wilmot proviso itself, and even that it was worse.

He would now turn to the other division of the Federal Union. It had every where been contended in the North, by the friends of General Taylor, that this Government ought to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the Territories. It had been made the principal objection to General Cass, that he was opposed to such legislation. Every where they said that the question ought to be brought to Congress; that they would trust General Taylor on the subject; that he would approve anything which Congress might do on this question.

Thus we had witnessed the remarkable fact, that gentlemen entertaining such opposite sentiments had co-operated, and zealously and efficiently co-operated too, as to bring this question into these halls. The friends of General Taylor at the North said it must come here. What course, then, remained for the Northern Democracy—those who had taken the ground of non-interference? They could not if they would—and, for one, he would not, if he could—now keep this question out of these halls; and it being here, legislation being inevitable, and there being no retreat, you cannot expect us [said he] to go otherwise than for the non-extension of slavery, even, if you please, to the supererogation of putting the ordinance of 1787 into any bill that may be brought forward to organize the Territories.

These being the facts, he repeated it would seem very improper for a defeated party, like the Democracy, now to undertake to take this question out of the hands of the successful party. Whatever the legislation might result in, it should be remitted to them; they should have a trial, and a fair trial, at settling this question; and he said to his Democratic friends, stand from under, and let this question go to General Taylor. Let us see what General Taylor will do with it. He recollected to have heard a gentleman from Alabama, on the other side of the House, [Mr. Hilliard] at the last session of Congress, say upon this subject, that his candidate for the Presidency, (General Taylor) would hush the storm which had been raised concerning this question—that he would calm the troubled waters. The country would be fortunate if it turned out so. So far as he [Mr. R.] was concerned, he was not disposed to deprive the President elect and his party in Congress of an opportunity of exhibiting what they would do upon this question.

There was another view of the question to which he would call the attention of gentlemen. While the friends of General Taylor at the South were making speeches in his advocacy, stating, in most dogmatical and explicit terms, that he could be trusted on this question of slavery, and that General Cass could not; that he (General Taylor) was a Southern man, that his interests, feelings, and education were allied and identified with theirs; and that General Cass was a Northern man, and the very reverse in his sympathies, education and interests; while such a man as Balie Peyton, a distinguished and confidential friend (or so supposed to be) of General Taylor himself, in a discussion with an honorable gentleman from Kentucky, who occupies a seat on this floor, [Mr. Boyd] from Paducah, in Kentucky, had said that General Taylor would veto the Wilmot Proviso; and that men who could argue otherwise ought not to be reasoned with. Ex-Governor Metcalfe was at his State, (Indiana,) and made a speech at the Capitol, of which the following account was given in the Indiana "State Journal," the Whig newspaper organ in that State:

"He told the people, as a Southern man, and as a Senator representing a Southern State in the United States Senate, that he did not wish General Taylor to interpose the veto to defeat the passage of a bill extending the ordinance of 1787 over our newly-acquired territories. That General Taylor stood pledged before the country, so understood, North and South, not to do it, and he would dishonor himself were he to do it. The Whigs of the South would scorn to resort to the one man power to defeat it, or any other measure of deliberate legislation."

Seeing these facts, let him again ask, could any man living south of Mason and Dixon's line expect a Northern man to do more for them (the South) than they were willing to do for themselves? Why, the very fact of the election of Mr. Fillmore as Vice President appeared on its face to have decided the question of the ordinance; and the decision to have been made by the South itself; for who did not know that that gentleman, (Mr. Fillmore), in 1838, upon this floor, gave an affirmative answer to the direct question whether he was in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery in this District? He saw, since the election of that gentleman, in a congratulatory letter to a friend, speaking of his southern friends, he said, they were a glorious set of fellows. Well, it would seem that they were a little pliant on this subject.

When it resulted from their indifference to this question or from their love of political power, was, perhaps, a debatable question. For himself, he had thought a good while, that these gentlemen, both at the South and the North, who had made so much noise about the slavery question, cared very little about it—that they only used it as a political trap to catch votes. So far as he was concerned, he would not stand by and encourage them in that game. He had used the question out of these halls; and in so doing he had been actuated by no other motive than that of comity, friendship, and good neighborhood; but if they of the South were so anxious that they should legislate upon it, he said to them—

"Lay on Macduff!"
He had stated (while he impugned no man's motives) that the action of these gentlemen on its face seemed to indicate that they cared nothing about this question of slavery, except for the purpose of making political capital. They could not let Congress settle the question at the last session; they seemed determined it should not be settled then; but they appeared now, or the indications seemed to point in that direction, to be quite willing that the present Congress should step in and settle it before their candidate came into power. Why was it that when the honorable gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Root), the other day moved his resolution, instructing the Territorial Committee to bring in a bill to organize a government for these Territories, excluding slavery, that such a fluttering had shown itself upon that side of the House among the Northern Whigs? Everywhere, in all the elections which had taken place since that question came up, they had made the exclusion of slavery from the newly-acquired territories the sine qua non. Yet, when the gentleman from Ohio had moved his resolution, they had seen the honorable chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means (Mr. Vinton) rise in his place, and appeal to his friends to vote the negative on the direct vote upon the resolution. Why was this? Were we to witness again, as we had witnessed at Philadelphia, another slaughtering of principles? He said to his fellow citizens of the free States, BEWARE! LOOK TO THIS CONGRESS! Were these timid Whig gentlemen waiting for a bill which had made its appearance in the other end of the Capitol, and hoping that it would come in, and they would step in, and save them from the responsibility and exposure? If they were, he hoped and believed they would find that they were mistaken.

Some, perhaps, might think he was arguing this question from partisan views and motives merely. Not at all. It was a question which rose higher than party, and higher than the giving to these Territories a government. It went to the vitality of our institutions themselves—to the question of the right and power of this people to govern themselves; for, if, as in the late canvass, the candidate for the Presidency was to be permitted to withhold his opinions upon a great subject like this, and to allow himself to be represented by his friends, in one section of the Union, as a friend and supporter of slavery, and as certain to veto the Wilmot Proviso if passed, and to be advocated in other portions on the ground that he held opinions diametrically opposite, our system of government was a failure; the people did not govern themselves. He repeated, that this question rose higher and far above the matter of giving these Territories a government; and from reasons of this character, the settlement of this matter should be permitted to go to the next Administration, that the deception and fraud which had been practised upon the people might be exposed.

He had said he was willing to leave this question where the Constitution had left it. He was no longer permitted to occupy that ground; he was compelled to legislate. He repeated, being so compelled, he would legislate but one way—that was, for the exclusion of slavery. He had voted at the last session against the insertion of the Wilmot Proviso in the Oregon bill, and he would have voted to strike it out of a bill organizing governments for New Mexico and California; but he would not now vote to strike it out. He had seen no necessity for it in the Oregon bill, as the people of Oregon had already decided the question. In their fundamental law, in the constitution of their provisional government, they had adopted the very language of the ordinance of 1787; and the bill reported by the chairman of the Committee on Territories (Mr. Smith, of Indiana,) proposed to affirm that fundamental law. The people of the Territory had legislated for themselves; and he had then seen no necessity for having another Wilmot Proviso. He knew it would make mischief, and nothing else; and it did well nigh defeat the bill. Hereafter he should give no such vote. He would at any time vote for organizing these Territories with the Wilmot Proviso extended over them. He had opposed legislation on the subject; but his objections were defeated and cancelled; the South themselves had brought the question here; they must now abide its settlement by Congress.

He would add, he thought, and he had always thought, his southern friends had done wrong in asking any legislation of Congress to extend slavery. Why, what was the history of our country? Since the Government was organized, we had obtained Louisiana, Florida and Texas—all slave Territories. The last acquisition was the only free acquisition we had made. Was it right, then, seeing that their acquisitions were as three to one, for the South to come forward and ask Congress to extend slavery over this Territory? He thought not. We had intro-

duced into this Union four slave States, which had been carved out of these various acquisitions, and but one free State. And he told gentlemen of the South they did not now free to be made slave territory. What this unnatural union between the North and the South, which had resulted in the election of General Taylor, might bring forth, however, it was impossible to tell; what might result from some of these compromises which they were willing to adopt, remained to be seen. Under the non-interference doctrine—the old Democratic platform—slavery would never have gone into New Mexico and California; but still agitate the question, being it up to Congress; and no man could tell in what manner it would be decided.

The vote being taken on the motion to reconsider, it was decided in the negative—106 ayes to 82 nays.

Drawing the Sword.

The following, from the Baltimore "Sun," should be received with some grains of allowance, though we have no doubt it really represents the feelings of the President elect, and is a foreshadowing of his intended action. The letter from Claiborne is now more than month old, and its genuineness has never been denied.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28, 1848.

Governor Brown, member of the House of Representatives from Mississippi, arrived here to-day, and since his arrival has received a letter from Natchez, relative to the present opinions of General Taylor on the slavery question, from which I am permitted to make the following extract:

"NATCHEZ, Nov. 15, 1848.

"Dear Sir:—As all parties concede that General Taylor is elected President, I hasten to inform you that he has thrown off all disguise, and conceals no opinion.

"S. S. Boyd, whom you know to be radical on the slavery question, and who often says that Stephens' position is absurd, called Bingham and myself one side yesterday, and told us that 'he had that day spent some hours with Gen. Taylor, and that he was right on all the points; and, without speaking of the Territories, the old gentleman distinctly and earnestly declared that, when the North attempted to interfere with the slave trade, he was for drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard.'

"About this, Boyd says there is no mistake, and he does not hesitate to pronounce 'Old Zach' perfectly sound. Of all this you may rest assured. What change other influences may make in his mind, I cannot say, but his Southern friends, who hear him talk on the subject, say he is not the man to give up an opinion deliberately formed.

"He will go with the free States on the Tariff and Internal Improvement questions, and with the slave States on the Free Soil question.

"Yours truly, F. L. CLAIBORNE.

"Hon. A. G. BROWN."

General Quitman, the Mr. Boyd above mentioned, and other Southern gentlemen, I hear it stated, entertain the opinion that the South should take the extreme ground on the slavery question, and then compromise. They are for extending slavery to California and New Mexico, and compromising by yielding the right to slave representation in Congress.

Francis Lee Claiborne, brother of the former distinguished member of that name, and a good Democrat of the Southern school, Mr. Bingham, named in the letter, has been a candidate for Congress on several occasions, and was among the earliest supporters of General Taylor for the Presidency. So also in regard to Mr. Boyd. He is a distinguished Taylor "stump orator" in Mississippi, and one of the most eminent lawyers of that State.

The California Gold.

We make the following extracts from Colonel Mason's despatch, dated Monterey, August 17, 1848, describing the visit he made to the gold mines of the Sacramento, in the beginning of July. Col. Mason left the garnison at Monterey on the 17th of June. He says:

"We reached San Francisco on the 20th, and found that all, or nearly all, its male inhabitants had gone to the mines. The town, which a few months before was so busy and thriving, was then almost deserted. On the evening of the 21st, the horses of the escort were crossed to Sonoma in a launch, and on the following day we resumed the journey by way of Bedoga and Sonoma to Sutter's Fort, where we arrived on the morning of the 23d of July. Along the whole route, mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste. At Sutter's there was an immense quantity of lumber, and launches were discharging their cargoes at the river, and carts were hauling goods to the fort, where already were established several stores, a hotel, &c. Captain Sutter had only two mechanics in his employ, (a wagon-maker and a blacksmith), whom he was then paying ten dollars a day. Merchants pay him a monthly rent of one hundred dollars per room; and whilst I was there, a two-story house in the fort was rented as a hotel for five hundred dollars a month.

At the urgent solicitation of many gentlemen, I delayed to participate in the first public celebration of our national anniversary at that fort, but on the 5th resumed the journey, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American fork to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines, or Mormon Diggings. The hill sides were thickly strewed with canvas seats and bush arbors; a store was

erected, and several boarding shanties in operation. The day was intensely hot, yet about two hundred men were at work in the full glare of the sun washing for gold—some with tin-pans, some with close woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine, known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head has a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine; one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself.

The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through sugar holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged \$100 a day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth, and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described. The gold in the lower mines is in fine bright scales, of which I send several specimens.

As we ascended the south branch of the American fork, the country became more broken and mountainous, and at the saw-mill, twenty-five miles from Sutter's, the hills rise to about a thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Capt. Sutter feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last, with Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save labor, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race.

One day Mr. Marshall, as he was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Capt. Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist-mill at Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a few weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither.

The gold is in scales a little coarser than those of the lower mines. From the mill Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the south fork, where, in the bed of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found. I there saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well; a great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight.

Before leaving Sutter's, I satisfied myself that gold existed in the bed of the Feather river, in the Yubah and Bear, and in many of the small streams that lie between the latter and the American fork; also, that it had been found in the Cosummes to the south of the American fork. In each of these streams the gold is found in small scales, whereas in the intervening mountains it occurs in coarser lumps.

Mr. Sinclair, whose rancho is three miles above Sutter's on the north side of the American fork, not far from its junction with the main stream. He had been engaged about five weeks when I saw him, and up to that time his Indians had used simply closely woven willow baskets. His net proceeds (which I saw) were about \$16,000 worth of gold. He showed me the proceeds of his last week's work—fourteen pounds avoirdupois of clean-washed gold.

The principal store at Sutter's Fort, that of Brannan & Co., had received in payment for goods \$36,000 (worth of gold) from the 1st of May to the 10th of July. Other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, as the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life.

The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject, was, that upwards of four thousand men were working in the gold district, of whom more than one-half were Indians; and that from \$30,000 to \$50,000 worth of gold, if not more, was daily obtained. The entire gold district, with very few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the Mexican authorities, is on land belonging to the United States.

The discovery of these vast deposits of gold has entirely changed the character of Upper California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating their small patches of ground, and guarding their heads of cattle and horses, have all gone to the mines, or are on their way thither. Laborers of every trade have left their work-benches, and tradesmen their shops. Sailors desert their ships as fast as they arrive on the coast, and several vessels have gone to sea with hardly enough hands to spread a sail. Two or three are now at anchor in San Francisco with no crew on board. Many desertions, too, have taken place from the garrisons within the influence of these mines; twenty-six soldiers have deserted from the post of Sonoma—twenty-four from that of San Francisco, and twenty-four from Monterey.

I really think some extraordinary mark of favor should be given to those soldiers who remain faithful to their flag throughout this tempting crisis. No officer can now live in California on his pay, money has so little value; the prices of necessary articles of clothing and subsistence are so exorbitant and labor so high, that to hire a cook or servant has become an impossibility, save to those who are earning from thirty to fifty dollars a day. This state of things cannot last forever. Yet from the geographical position of California, and the new character it has assumed as a mining country, prices of labor will always be high, and will hold out temptations to desert. I therefore have to report, if the Go-

verment wish to prevent desertions here on the part of men, and to secure zeal on the part of officers, their pay must be increased very materially.

Mr. Dye, a gentleman residing in Monterey, and worthy of every credit, has just returned from Feather River. He tells me that the company to which he belonged, worked seven weeks and (two days, with an average of fifty Indians, (washers,) and that their gross product was two hundred and seventy-three pounds of gold. His share (one-seventh,) after paying all expenses, is about thirty-seven pounds, which he brought with him and exhibited in Monterey. I see no laboring man from the mines who does not show his two, three, or four pounds of gold. A soldier of the artillery company returned here a few days ago from the mines, having been absent on furlough twenty days. He made by trading and working during that time \$1,600. During these twenty days he was travelling ten or eleven days, leaving but a week, in which he made a sum of money greater than he received in pay, clothes and rations, during a whole enlistment of five years.

Gold is also believed to exist on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada; and when at the mines I was informed by an intelligent Mormon, that it had been found near the Great Salt Lake by some of his fraternity. Nearly all the Mormons are leaving California to go to the Salt Lake; and this they surely would not do, unless they were sure of finding gold there in the same abundance as they now do on the Sacramento.

The gold "placer" near the mission of San Fernando has long been known, but has been little wrought for want of water. This is in a spur that puts off from the Sierra Nevada, (see Fremont's map,) the same in which the present mines occur. There is, therefore, every reason to believe, that in the intervening spaces of five hundred miles (entirely unexplored) there must be many hidden and rich deposits. The "placer" gold is now substituted as the currency of this country.

I would recommend that a mint be established at some eligible point of the bay of San Francisco; and that machinery and all the necessary apparatus and workmen, be sent on by sea. These workmen must be bound by high wages; and even bonds to secure their faithful services, else the whole plan may be frustrated by their going to the mines as soon as they arrive in California.

Before leaving the subject of mines I will mention, that on my return from the Sacramento, I touched at New Almoder the quicksilver mine of Mr. Alexander Forbes, Consul of her Britannic Majesty at Tepic. This mine is in a spur of mountains one thousand feet above the level of the Bay of San Francisco, and is distant in a southern direction from the Pueblo de San Jose about twelve miles. The ore, (cinabar,) occurs in a large vein dipping at a strong angle to the horizon. Mexican miners are employed in working it, and driving shafts, and galleries about six feet by seven, following the vein.

The fragments of rock and ore are removed on the backs of Indians, in a raw-hide sack. The ore is then hauled in an ox-wagon, from the mouth of the mine down to a valley well supplied with wood and water, in which the furnaces are situated. The furnaces are of the simplest construction, exactly like a common bake oven, in the crown of which is inserted a whaler's try-kettle; another inverted kettle forms the lid. From a hole in the lid a small brick channel leads to an apartment, or chamber, in the bottom of which is inserted a small iron kettle. This chamber has a chimney.

In the morning of each day the kettles are filled with the mineral (broken in small pieces) mixed with lime; fire is then applied and kept up all day. The mercury is volatilized, passes into the chamber, is condensed on the sides and bottom of the chamber, and flows into the pot prepared for it. No water is used to condense the mercury.

During a visit I made last spring, four such ovens were in operation, and yielded in the two days I was there, six hundred and fifty pounds of quicksilver, worth at Mazatlan \$1,80 per lb. Mr. Walkinshaw, the gentleman now in charge of the mine, tells me that the vein is improving, and that he can afford to keep his people employed even in these extraordinary times. This mine is very valuable of itself, and becomes the more so as mercury is extensively used in obtaining gold. It is not at present used in California for that purpose, but it will be at some future time. When I was at this mine last spring, other parties were engaged in searching for veins; but none have been discovered that are worth following up, although the earth in that whole range of hills are highly discolored, indicating the presence of this ore. I send several beautiful specimens, properly labelled. The amount of quicksilver in Mr. Forbes' vat on the 15th of July was about two thousand five hundred lbs.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Word to Reformers.

WADSWORTH, Dec. 16, 1848.

The election is over, and slavery is again triumphant. The returns have been called from the four quarters of our nation, and obedient to the summons, they have leaped to their wire pathway and darted with the speed of thought from State to State, until they stand marshalled in dread array before us; and through them the people declare, in language not to be misunderstood, that liberty shall yet have no abiding place in our land. The political elements of our country have, for the past few months, been in a state of wild tumult and commotion. The dark waters of the political sea have been strangely convulsed, heaving and boiling in angry surges. Many have watched their eddying whirls with breathless attention and excitement. At times there seemed to ride upon their dark bosom a few chrysalis drops, but becoming contaminated by the surrounding filth, they sank, commingled with the rest, and were lost.

At times there have been inclinations sufficiently strong in the minds of some, to warrant them in entertaining a hope that liberty was about to obtain a political foothold in our land, which would enable it to achieve an

ultimate triumph. But it seems as if that hope must soon be crushed, forever crushed.

It is true, that at one time, a portion of the people, becoming exasperated at oppression, broke from their chains, and ventured to make momentary demonstration of hostility to the old tyrant, but he shook himself, looked fierce, and roared. Thousands, terrified, leaped back into his ranks, and bowed again in quiet submission to his mandate. He pointed with authoritative and threatening mien to his faithful champion, whose brows were still wreathed with the gory laurels won on the blood-stained fields of outraged Mexico, and uttered his mandate—"to the ballot-box." It was enough. Our hills, forests and valleys have scarce ceased to echo the voice of the deep-mouthed cannon which belched forth the assurance that his command had been obeyed, and his champion chosen. But now the crisis is past, and the excitement is dying away. Stump orators, office-seekers and political aspirants have made their bows to their audiences and retired from the stage. They have acted their respective parts, and go to claim their rewards; and four years of comparative quiet in the political drama about to succeed. Now, Reformers, is your time! Up to the your task! The minds of the people will now settle down into sobriety, and they will have leisure to listen to reason, and to reflect, consider and act for themselves. Many who had heretofore been engaged in the work of reform have rested from their toil, and while wiping the perspiration from their brows watched the progress of the great contest, and awaited with deep interest the termination of the strife. And must it be spoken? Many have stepped down from the high position which they had assumed, and joined their voices with those of the noisy rabble, in their struggle for the ascendancy. It is to be hoped that sober reflection will bring these back, and proper exertion on the part of those who have remained true to their standard of principle must bring with them thousands more who are now wavering, and need but little prompting to incline them to the side of righteousness and truth.

Then let not these four years pass unimproved, for there is much to do, and on your exertions must the slave now hang his only hope. He for years trusted his cause in the hands of professed political friends, but they have now deserted him and rallied on the side of his oppressors; his confidence in them must of necessity be destroyed, and he must look for aid in his extremity to some other source. Then where can he look but to you, and must he look in vain? Must the last spark of light to which he can turn his eyes to cheer him in his darkness, be extinguished, and he relinquish forever all hope of freedom for himself or his posterity? No! I hear you all answer, No!! I hear it come up with an energy and determination which no difficulties can shake, from the heart of a Garrison, a Douglass, a Foster. I hear it from a thousand others, not so loud, but not less determined; and may thousands and tens of thousands more take up the word, until, when the question is asked, "Shall oppression longer reign?"—the voice of a whole nation shall thunder forth a firm, unmistakable NO!!!

J. L.

PAINEVILLE, Dec., 10, 1848.

DEAR FRIENDS EDITORS:—

There is at the present time much excitement in this village; at least it is evident there are several spirits at work here. There is what is called a revival of religion. The Methodist Church has held consecutive evening meetings for two weeks or more, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Some few children and young maidens are rejoicing in the faith of Methodism. Mr. Prosser, their minister, who is a very active, indefatigable man has exhausted all his ingenuity, and the excitement is fast ebbing. No lunatic asylum ever presented a more ludicrous scene than did this Church in its full tide of successful operation. Like Esau's prophets, they cried as though God was on a journey and could not hear, or asleep and must be awaked; added to this the bacchanalian strain and midnight orgies of the sons of intemperance emanating from numerous grog-shops, we must confess carried our minds far back the vista of time when God confounded the language of the entire race. In addition to all this, fist fights and goading are of daily occurrence, and occasionally a mob of the most aggravating character, in which some of the members of this church, and in good standing, largely participate, and no magistrate has the moral courage to administer justice in such cases, by law made and provided. We have pro-slavery preachers, pro-slavery loafers and pro-slavery whiskey-sellers—the latter class in good fellowship in this church. Pro-slavery is gaining ground here at this time, as Mr. Prosser has taken occasion to inculcate his church and all who have attended the meetings, with the belief that anti-slavery folks are a people of one idea, and can see nothing but the little sin of slavery, and has declared that he would not have an anti-slavery sermon come into this revival for the price of an immortal soul!

Great God! has it come to this? Cannot we be humane and be the children of God? Is it a crime to love our neighbor as ourselves, and is not the poor down-trodden slave our neighbor? and in striving to elevate him above the brutes that perish, do we

violate any principle of Christianity? Do we not enter into his very spirit, and will not God smile upon our feeble endeavors?—When will this adamantine bulwark of American slavery—the church—cease to strengthen the arm of the oppressor and in her majesty arise and destroy this giant sin? Has she nothing to do with national sins? Does she not profess to be the light of the world? She is, indeed, but that light is an ignis fatuus, one that is leading thousands to perdition. War, Slavery, Intemperance, and Licentiousness are national sins; but does the church take issue with them as such, and does she wield her giant arm for their destruction? Nay verily! If she did the swords would be bent into ploughshares, and every man would enjoy his inalienable rights. No man for the love of gold would deal out to his brother a deadly poison, and these gates of hell which lead so many of our young men down to the chambers of death would be houses of prayer. Then would the words of the prophet sound like seven thunders in our ears.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

A SUBSCRIBER.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, Philadelphia, December 21, 1848.

To the Editors of the Bugle.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It is 2 o'clock, P. M. of a wet day. I am in the saloon of the Assembly Building, corner of Chestnut and Tenth streets, sitting by the Byberry table, attended by Harriet Purvis, wife of Robert Purvis, in the Anti-Slavery Fair. There are twelve tables, besides the provision table, covered with a choice and valuable collection of useful and fancy articles—for most part the handy work of the anti-slavery women of this State. As we enter the Hall on the right, near the door, is the Toy table, covered with an almost countless number of toys for children. A kind of childland universe is there. Our friend Abby Kimmer is there, to wait on the happy little ones that gather around that table. I know not how it is, nor do I care to know, that I feel a deeper sympathy with that table, and the bright eyes and happy young spirits that gather around it, than with all else in this Hall. I wish all the children, whom I met at the Pic Nics in Salem, in Marlboro, and on the Lake Shore in Geneva, could walk into yonder door, all bright and happy and kind as I saw them in Ohio, and gather about that toy table. I would soon make one of their number, and I doubt if we could resist the temptation to have a romp and a hearty, joyous laugh together in this, for the present, Anti-Slavery Saloon.

At the south end of the saloon, directly opposite the door of entrance, is the Provision Table, covered with all sorts of wholesome and rich food—apples, grapes, jellies, oranges, oysters pickled and stewed, and above all, ICE CREAM, which has come to be the favorite luxury of Philadelphians. You would laugh to see, as you doubtless have seen our sweeps, covered with the soot and dust of chimneys, in Market street, eating ice cream. The provision table is well patronized about this time of the day.

The Fair was opened on the evening of the 19th, and continued yesterday, the 20th and is to continue till the evening of the 23d. An Anti-Slavery Convention commenced yesterday in an adjoining Hall at the north end of the building. There was a goodly attendance yesterday afternoon and this forenoon, and we have warm and interesting discussions. In the evening all came into the Fair to buy, to see, to chat, or to partake in some way in this pleasant and most profitable gathering. There are choice and noble spirits at work in Pennsylvania for the American slave. Too much praise cannot be given to the women, who, by contriving heads, warm and loving hearts, and active hands, have created this scene. There cannot be much less than \$2,000 dollars worth of goods on and around the tables in this Fair. It is truly good to witness this display of purely domestic manufacture. This, dear friends, is the temple of Humanity. It is good to come here and worship at her altar. It is, I believe, the altar of Christianity and of God. But more this evening.

EVENING, 8 o'clock, Dec. 21, '48.

Again am I in the Anti-Slavery Saloon. I broke off to go into the other end of the building to attend the Convention. Resolutions were offered, and speeches made by Mary Grew, C. C. Burleigh, Lucretia Mott, Thomas Hastings and others. We had a spirited and interesting discussion. Convention adjourned at 6, and the people, many of them, came into the Saloon to spend the evening in the Fair. It is deeply interesting to sit here, and see and hear. Many men, women and children are moving about from table to table, examining and purchasing the things; and the women who have the care of the tables are kept busy showing the things and telling their prices. The men and women walk slowly and staidly; the children move with a hop, skip and jump, up and down the room. Then the clatter of feet and of tongues! Ten thousand tones, from the deep base of some tall, strong man, to the shrill, merry tone of some laughing child, exclaiming and wondering. All sorts of subjects are being discussed.

Over the entrance to the Saloon is a banner, surrounded with a wreath of evergreens,

and on it is the glorious watchword of freedom, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!!" At the South end of the Saloon is another banner on which is the picture of old Liberty Bell, and on it the words, "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND." Over the rows of tables on each side of the Saloon are 12 beautiful banners; a banner over each table, and on each side of each banner is an appropriate motto. On one side of one of the banners is this:

"We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall, Pillar and arch, entablature and wall, As virtue's shrine, as Liberty's abode, Sacred to Freedom and to Freedom's God."

On another is this:

"Deep let our pledges be, Freedom; Forever! True with Oppression—Never, No, Never!!"

I wish I could send more of these, but cannot without prolonging my hasty letter. The Saloon is illuminated with six large Gas-lamps.

Now, I wish you and other Ohio friends could look in upon us here. Your hearts would be encouraged, as ours are. You would feel, that such a gathering as this, if it did no more than pay its expenses by the sale of things, would be of great service to the Heaven-guided cause of Abolition, by bringing the friends of the slave together to mingle thoughts and feelings in social intercourse. HUMAN BROTHERHOOD is the world-wide watchword of our righteous cause, and here we feel that all men are brethren, and that God is our Father!

Through the Bugle, let me, in conclusion, express my deep-felt gratitude to the many men, and women, and children of Ohio, who contributed so essentially to my comfort and happiness and usefulness, so far as I was useful, during the past summer. My heart is with them, to cheer them on, and if my life and health be spared I mean to be with them, as early as possible next spring. It is good for me to be in Ohio. I love to mingle and labor with such spirits as I found there. To their confidence, untiring zeal, and ready and prompt co-operation, is attributed whatever of good I was enabled to do in Ohio. I have not forgotten, nor shall I forget my promise to the children of Salem, Marlboro, and other places, to hold more Pic Nics with them next summer, to tell them how to live without quarrelling ones in their whole lives. My associations with Ohio are pleasant and only pleasant. I am a wiser, a better and happier man for having spent a season there. But the crowd around me increases, and I will stop and mingle my sympathies, thoughts and words with others, to swell the orderly confusion.

H. C. WRIGHT.

RAYMOND, December 10th, 1848.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

Notwithstanding the many instances of gross inconsistency on the part of pro-slavery professors of Christianity which have been brought to light during the past Presidential contest, there are still many more. And the object I now have in view is to bring before the public eye, through the columns of your excellent anti-slavery journal, another instance of the rottenness and filthiness of the prevailing religion of this country.

Not long since, in casting my eyes over the columns of one of the papers of our village, I saw a notice of the "Portage County Bible Society," signed by Cyrus Prentiss as "President." Now this same Cyrus Prentiss is a Taylorite of the most rabid and vindictive class, and is also a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place. As far as Methodism and Taylorism are concerned, this is all very consistent, as there is a great similarity between the two; but the idea of a red-mouthed Taylorite being President of a Bible Society, struck me as peculiarly revolting. During the three months previous to the Presidential election, he was very industrious in doing all he could to promote the election of Zachary Taylor to the Presidency; he even went so far as to establish a Taylor press in this place, in order the more effectually to urge upon the people of the county the claims of the slaveholding, blood hound candidate. Every Sabbath during this period he might have been seen regularly occupying his pew in the Methodist market-house, hearing what he would call the "word of God," dispensed by a "Sec." Taylorite.

Look at it a moment. One day we behold him voting, and urging others to do the same, for Zachary Taylor, a man who habitually breaks the 3d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th commandment, (and the 7th also I doubt not) and the next day we see him sitting in solemn convocation with his pious brethren, devising ways and means to enable the "Portage County Bible Society" to distribute Bibles to those who are destitute of the treasure in this country, or perhaps to send them abroad to the country of some of the outside barbarians, Hindoos or China for instance. I should like to be informed whether the aforesaid Cyrus Prentiss, at the meeting of managers of this Bible Society, said any thing about giving Bibles to "Old Zack's" 280 heathen, or not. I presume he did not, as he probably remembered that the blood-stained Zack was a life member of a Missionary Society, and would therefore have ample opportunity to supply his own heathen with Bibles himself.

What a spectacle is this for the rising generation to behold! What a salutary in-

fluence must be exerted over the youth of this country by Cyrus Prentiss, the rabid Taylorite and "President" of the "Portage County Bible Society"! How long before the world will be converted to Christianity if we have Taylorites for Presidents of our Bible Societies! The problem is too vast for my calculation.

Yours for consistency,

SPECTATOR.

EAGLEVILLE, Dec., 10, 1848.

The Church of Disciples of Christ in Eagleville, Ashtabula county, Ohio, viewing with deep sorrow the evils of American slavery, upheld as it is by many of the professed followers of Christ, desire to publish to the world the views and sentiments we have long entertained upon this subject.

We solemnly believe that man was made in the image of his creator, as Divine inspiration has taught us; and that all the nations of the earth are made of one blood. We also fondly cherish a sentiment in our Declaration of American Independence, that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We also believe that the great object of the mission of Christ into our world was "to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." But slavery is a virtual denial of all these heaven-born truths, inasmuch as it reduces the image of God to a mere chattel, to a level with the brute, denies to him the right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and holds him in chains of bondage, the loud proclamation of Heaven to the contrary notwithstanding. It is at war with every principle of humanity, inasmuch as it poisons the fountains of justice and reduces to the lowest depths of vice and degradation, both the oppressor and the oppressed, and makes man-stealers, murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, of those who engage in the accursed traffic.

We therefore can no more recognize the right of Christians thus to hold in bondage their fellow-men, than the divine authority of the King or the Pope; nor can we find language to express our abhorrence of so foul a sentiment, as claims man to be the property of man, and subjects him in many instances to treatment more cruel than death itself; whereas the religion we profess, breathes peace on earth and good will to all men.

We therefore wish it distinctly understood that we can hold no church fellowship with the slaveholder, or those who identify themselves with the institution of slavery, by advocating it as a Bible institution; and we do believe it to be the duty of all religious communities and the friends of humanity, to unite and co-operate in thus discountenancing the abominable sin, and thereby causing its downfall as speedily as possible.

MICHAEL WEBSTER JR.
ASHAEL CASE,
E. A. MILLS, Elders.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, DECEMBER 29, 1848.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT.—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

The Old Year

Is yet with us, but its close is near at hand. A few more days, and it will be remembered among the things that have been, but are no more. How short has been its stay to those who have been revelling 'mid pleasures and were filled with enjoyment; and how long, how interminably long has it seemed to the poor outcasts of humanity. They, whose womanly affection, whose deep and confiding love has been made the means to blast their reputation; they who are degraded with crime and stricken by poverty, who have known nought of life save its bitterness;—they, whose skeleton forms are forced to toll the livelong day for a miserable pittance;—and above all the despairing bondman of the land, sadly rejoice in the dying year, for it brings them nearer to the quiet rest of the grave.

What a terrible sacrifice of human life has the departing year witnessed; and it needs not that we should go from among out own people to count the victims of woe and wrong by scores of thousands! When EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY EIGHT first looked upon this land, it beheld not less than ten thousand of the children of poverty, misfortune and vice who stood upon the very verge of eternity, who were trained to the commission of every crime, and were outcasts from that society whose duty it was to educate them in virtue, to fit them for usefulness, and to lead them in the paths the Creator designed them to walk in; it beheld twenty thousand human beings whom the Father made to love and to be beloved, but who had so far fallen from their first estate that their hearts were filled with hatred, and they thirsted for the blood of those who had never injured them and whom they had never seen; it beheld thirty thousand who were

the form of man, but who had been debased below the level of the brute; it beheld seventy thousand sentient beings whom God created for freedom, but on whom man had imposed chains and fetters both physical and spiritual, and who had worn out their lives in unpaid toil for others. All these it beheld at its advent; and now that its days are numbered and two more suns shall forever close its existence, where are they? The ten thousand have died upon the gallows, in jails and in penitentiaries, or in the loathsome dens of vice and want, unpitied and uncared for; the twenty thousand have met with a bloody fate upon the battle-field, or died under the slower tortures of camp disease; the thirty thousand have gone reeling and staggering to the drunkard's grave, where their diseased and bloated forms are now polluting the earth whose soil they fatten; the seventy thousand have lain down "to sleep the sleep that knows no waking," fetters their only winding sheet, chains their only shroud!

And why should this have been? Was there not sufficient moral principle in the land to break the chains of the captive, to dash the intoxicating cup from the drunkard's lips, to transform the warrior into a man of peace, and bring the criminal within the protection of a happy influence? To deny it, is to admit that the people are indeed dead in trespasses and sins, for if those who profess the name of Jesus, and claim to walk in the footsteps of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, had put forth an effort worthy of their professed faith many, if not all, of those who thus wretchedly perished would have been redeemed and regenerated.

And how stands the account with those who are the avowed reformers of the age, who are battling with time-sanctioned error, and hoary-headed wrongs, striving to bring the world up to a higher and a truer position? Will Humanity's God regard the efforts they have made the past year as their part of the fulfillment of the Law of Love? Have they done what they could to establish correct principles, and to destroy that which is false in theory and sinful in practice? Has the closing year witnessed such devotion to the right, such active benevolence, such unwearied zeal, such clear and steadfast faith, such untiring industry as should constitute the true reformer's life? Or has their righteousness been more theoretical than practical, their benevolence slow to action, their zeal broken and flagging, their faith dim and wavering, their industry spasmodic? These are questions each must answer for himself; and if, in the past year, Humanity has had less of his services than she has a right to demand, let increased diligence and fidelity the coming year, atone, so far as may be, for the neglect.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY NINE, with its duties and responsibilities, will soon be here. Let us go forth to meet it with brave hearts, remembering that the more earnestly we toil to redeem the world from wrong and crime, and to restore man to himself, the fewer victims of suffering there will be, and bear in mind that the indifference of others will not justify our neglect. Let us strike boldly and strike high. Let our example be such that it shall drag none down to follow it, but bring all up to the highest point of the reformer's duty. Let it be such that none may find in it an excuse for idleness or lukewarmness where so much is to be lost or gained, but one whose magnetic power will be felt throughout our sphere of influence inciting others to dare and to do for the cause of truth. Let us, in short, strive to have the record which the coming year shall bear to the throne of the Eternal, honorable to ourselves inasmuch as we do our duty, glorious to Humanity inasmuch as it will testify of man's elevation, acceptable to our Father inasmuch as we have labored for the deliverance and redemption of his erring and oppressed children, even they who are our brethren.

Another Friend of the Slave Gone.

We last week received intelligence of the decease of WILLIAM LYLE KEYS, of Hillsboro, Highland Co., in this State. He died on the 14th inst. in the 42nd year of his age. His illness was brief, and was induced by a cold that settled on his lungs and produced a violent cough and hemorrhage. Our personal acquaintance with him was slight, but we have always heard him spoken of as a devoted friend of the slave, as one who feared neither to avow his principles, nor reduce them to practice. So pass away the reformers of the day; who shall fill the places their departure makes vacant?

An Act of Justice.

The Publishing Agent some weeks since sent bills to all subscribers in arrears two or more years, requesting them to forward their dues, and informing them that unless they did so, or a reasonable excuse for non payment, was given their names would be stricken from the mail book. But very few have paid any attention to this request, and consequently the present number of the paper is the last that will be sent them.

THE SMALL POX.

We have heard of no new cases in our village for the past week; and those who were attacked by it are all, or nearly all well.

The Legislature.

Is it organized, or is it not? is the question that is asked by thousands day after day, and the only way in which an answer can be obtained is by consulting the newspapers or the magnetic telegraph. The great sun would be worth but little for any practical purpose, if, instead of determining by its light and warmth that it shone upon the earth, people were obliged to consult an almanac to ascertain the fact; and we think the assembled wisdom of Ohio has not much room for self-complacency, when instead of the light and warmth of its legislative acts testifying of its existence, its constituency can only learn the fact from the newspapers and the telegraph. We should think the members of the unorganized Legislature—if it be yet unorganized—would feel rather cheap in finding that things go on, to say the least, quite as well in Ohio at the present time as if the Legislature was framing a dozen new laws a day, and pocketing a handsome sum for so doing. Murders have not increased, robberies have not been more frequent, buildings are not often fired, and blackguardism, rowdiness and other violations of the laws of decency as well as those of Ohio, are no more prevalent than they used to be, always saving and excepting the exhibitions in the State Capitol. Would not the people of Ohio be great gainers by offering the members elect of the Legislature a double price for not organizing, for it strikes us that Ohio has laws enough, and to spare, to last her for a century to come!

We learn that up to the 21st inst., the House was in a state of delightful confusion, but a telegraphic despatch subsequently received at Pittsburgh, says that it temporarily organized with Leiter, a Democrat, for chairman, and Mc Clure, a Free Soil Whig, for Clerk. Whether they will succeed in mingling elements as unlike as oil and water, remains to be seen.

California Gold-fever.

We have been inclined to regard the reports concerning the profusion of gold in California as cousins german to the traveler's story of the land where pigs roared ran about squealing "come and eat us"—which, by the way, a Buckeye ought not too obstinately doubt—but the testimony upon which they are based has become so strong that we are almost persuaded to believe that there are something more than the rumors of land speculators or political stock-jobbers. We have heretofore published but little, if anything about this modern *El Dorado*, for the very good reason that we were averse to lending our aid to circulate such extravagant and, as we believed, unfounded reports; but recent intelligence places the matter in a different light. The President's Message, official communications from officers in the Army and Navy, the assaying of specimens of the gold at the Philadelphia Mint & Co., have together induced us to copy the article on our first page, which presents the substance of the thousand and one stories that are published in different forms. Whether these statements be true or not, one thing is certain—the gold fever is raging throughout the land. Vessels filled with adventurers have sailed from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and we know not how many other sea ports, and many others are preparing to leave; and we see it announced that an expedition is to leave Cleveland early in the spring. Some of these who go after riches may return wealthy, but much of the gold that is discovered will be speedily squandered by its finders, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, will die poor, miserable wretches, the victims of disappointment, and sickness engendered by privation and suffering in their search after gold. The Asiatic Cholera will doubtless be less destructive to human life in its visit to this country than will the California gold fever, which, even when it leaves the body unharmed, curses the soul as only Mammon can curse.

Compromise.

An effort is to be made to settle the question of slavery in the new territories, during this session. A letter says that the free-soilers are determined to maintain the freedom of the soil from slavery in California; but would, perhaps, leave New Mexico to the disposition of Texas, whose claims to that territory may receive a favorable consideration. If the Southern democracy accept these terms, it is said the free-soilers will be satisfied—and the two wings of the party may again harmonize. On these terms, and on these only it is said will the free-soilers of New York ever consent to fight side by side with the Hunkers.

So says the Washington correspondent of the "Pittsburgh Gazette," upon whose authority the statement is given, Washington letter writers are too often very poor authority, and we are hardly disposed to believe without further evidence the above assertion. And yet it may be true, for this is the way political differences are generally settled—by compromise; and the South in such cases always manage to play the part of the white man who said to the Indian when dividing the game they had killed, "you take the possum and I'll take the deer, or I'll take the deer and you take the possum."

We learn there is a prospect of having a brass statue of General Jackson erected at the Capitol, and we would suggest to Congress that it makes an appropriation to pro-

cure one of the same metal, representing the American deity, Cosmocrator, in the act of adjusting a difficulty between the North and the South; and should it be thought desirable to personify the contending parties, the former could be cheaply constructed of dough.

Had the present generation of American statesmen—or their ancestors—been inhabitants of heaven when, according to Milton, Michael and his angels warred with the Devil and his angels, we have it from good authority that things would never have come to such a pass, for matters would certainly have been compromised, and a union formed—as sacred almost as the American Union—between Satan and Jehovah.

But the reported offer to compromise; is it true, think ye? Men who will so compromise their principles as to consent to the existence of slavery in fifteen States out of thirty, may possibly consent to it in sixteen out of thirty-two. They can give no sufficient guarantee that they will not; for if they justify a departure from principle under any possible circumstances, how can it be known when they will remain firm, when they will waver, when they will yield?

We ought to have noticed before this the reception of the December No. of the PRISONER'S FRIEND, which, as usual, contains a variety of interesting articles, most of which have a bearing either directly or indirectly upon the great question to the discussion of which this periodical is devoted. We are glad to see that not only is the editor interested in the welfare of human prisoners, but inculcates the duty of kindness to the domestic prisoners of the Yoke, the Bridle &c. That the coming year will be to him one of less labor and worry of mind and body than have been some of its predecessors, and that his usefulness may be greatly increased, is our earnest wish.

The first No. of SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE is a most splendid affair; and if there is aught in the atmosphere of Philadelphia which suits the constitution of magazines better than that of New York, the Union has certainly received the full benefit of it, for although the issue from the latter city was very good, that from the former is a great improvement upon it. The No. for January contains three splendid Mexican engravings, "The Annunciation," "The Mother and Child," and a title page representing Liberty introducing Science and the Arts to America; these with eight other illustrations complete the embellishments. Its literary contributions, which fill eighty large and beautifully printed pages, are furnished by some of the best writers in America, and are so varied in their character that all tastes can be suited. Such a Magazine is decidedly cheap at \$3 a year, or \$5 for two copies.

Post & Co. Cincinnati, we see are agents for the work.

TO THOSE WHO RECEIVED BILLS.

Some do not appear to understand that their accounts are made out in some cases several months beyond the present time. Whether the paper has been sent a year or only six months, it is presumed they wish the bill to extend over at least a year's subscription, as is in accordance with our rules.

Ex-Committee

Will meet on the 7th of next month at the usual time and place.

Abolition in the District.

Joshua R. Giddings, having obtained leave to introduce "A bill to authorize the people of the District of Columbia to express their desire as to the existence of slavery therein," presented a bill, providing for the assembling of all the male inhabitants of the District over twenty-one years of age who have resided there one year, on the first Monday of April next, at the City Hall, there to elect three Judges and two Clerks, who shall receive tickets on which shall be written "SLAVERY," or "LIBERTY," and shall report to the House and Senate the number of votes thus cast. He stated that a number of the leading men in the District had desired that such a law should be passed, had requested him to prepare the bill, and that every citizen with whom he had conversed upon the subject approved of the measure. In the course of the debate the presentation of such a bill elicited.

Mr. TOMPKINS, of Mississippi, said that he had probably not distinctly heard the reading of the bill; but he understood one of its provisions to be, that every male inhabitant of the District over twenty-one years of age, should vote at the contemplated convention. Now, he wished the gentleman to explain whether, in using that expression, it was his intention that negroes, bond and free, or negroes, bond or free, were to take part in this expression of public sentiment!

Mr. GIDDINGS said, that when he looked abroad upon the family of man, he knew no distinctions. He knew of no person in this District that did not come from the same creating hand that formed himself, or the gentleman from Mississippi, [Mr. Tompkins]; and when he (Mr. G.) spoke of the people of this District, he meant precisely what he said. He meant every male inhabitant of the District of Columbia over twenty-one years of age. He did not draw any distinctions. He would not suffer the man who held his fellow-man in bondage to say whether he would do this thing or not, and then refuse to put the question to him who was thus bound. If the gentleman from Mississippi chooses to offer an amendment excluding both the slaveholder and the slave, he (Mr. G.)

would go with him; but as the advocate of the eternal principle of truth and justice, he never would submit to give one man the control of another man's liberty. Any such attempt struck at the very foundation of his principles. Every feeling of his soul shrunk with abhorrence from the proposition. He stood here as the advocate of our common humanity; he stood here to uphold these rights, and to demand that the enduring principles of justice should be meted out to every individual in the District of Columbia. He did not come here the advocate of any peculiar rights—of one man claiming rights over another. He stood here on sound Democratic principles.

The SPEAKER said, the Chair must arrest the gentleman from Ohio in his remarks. According to the rule, if debate arose on any proposition or resolution, it must, except by general consent, go over one day.

The bill was subsequently laid on the table by a vote of 106 to 79.

Foreign News by the Niagara.

Revolution in Rome—Rebellion smothered in Ireland and Austria—"Order" in Vienna—Italian Pacification—French Presidency—Continental affairs in general.

Boston, Dec. 16.

The Steamship Niagara arrived at her berth this morning with Liverpool dates to the 9th inst.

The Cholera is decreasing in England and Scotland.

The Irish journals are devoid of interest.

ITALY. REVOLUTION IN ROME.—A revolution has taken place in Rome, beginning with the assassination of Prince Minister Rossi, at the entrance of the Chamber of Deputies, on the 15th of November. Rossi had met the demands of the democratic party with defiance and insult, and that morning had lined the streets with engineers and cavalry; he confronted the crowd who gathered around the Chamber, with an expression of scorn and contempt, when in a sudden fury they rushed upon him and he was stabbed by a young Roman. The mob, at the instigation of the Clubs, proceeded in a body to the Quirinal palace on the 16th, where they demanded a new ministry, the immediate declaration of law, &c. About one hundred of the Swiss garrisons resisted them. The diplomatic body also entered the palace to protect the Pope by their moral influence. Some endeavor was made to set fire to the principal gates, but a few shots from the Swiss caused the mob to retire. Shortly afterward the civic guard, the *gens d'armes* of the line, and the Roman Legion, numbering some thousands, invested the palace in the order of battle, and commenced a fusillade against the windows. The Swiss were overwhelmed, and the Pope's Secretary, Monsiur Palma, was shot in the breast. The attacking party, by their overwhelming force, compelled submission.

Negotiations were opened and a list of ministers, comprising the names of those who had got up the conspiracy, was sent to the Pope, who, under the duress of arms and fear of personal danger, was compelled to submit to any terms they dictated. The authority of the Pope is in fact now a nullity.

On the 18th the new ministry was formed, who have put forth an address, in which they say they will convolve the Chambers.

The Swiss were sent away, and the National Guard occupied their post in the castle. The popular club is the Supreme Government, and decides upon all questions.

The French Government have sent a force to Civita Vecchia, to support the Pope against his subjects.

LATELY FROM ROME.—Marshall Radetzky, the commander of the Austrian forces in Italy, is reported to be dead. Accounts from Rome to the evening of the 20th, state that the most perfect tranquility had succeeded the commotion of the 17th. The new Ministry, Campello, had arrived, and the Pope appeared to be satisfied with the new order of things, and was greatly pleased to find that the peace of his capital had been so speedily restored.

AUSTRIA.—In Vienna the energetic measures taken by the Prince Windischgratz, seem likely to secure tranquility. The Emperor of Russia has sent the Prince a letter with the order of St. Andrew, and to Jellachich an equally flattering communication has been made, together with the order of St. Vladimir. The war in Hungary engrossed the thoughts of all. The immense army of the Imperialists is about to enter Hungary, and the German papers state that the Hungarians will give them a sharp reception.

The execution of Dr. Beecher, an Englishman, and Dr. Jellinek, for participating in the late events at Vienna, has been officially announced.

PACIFICATION OF ITALY.—It is announced that Austria has accepted the offer made by the mediating powers, to hold conferences for the pacification of Italy, at Brussels.

FRANCE.—The Presidential election was, to take place on the 10th. (Sunday.) The excitement in relation to it continues. Gen. Cavaignac has triumphed in the debate that has taken place in the National Assembly, as far as regards the sentiments of the Chamber, by a majority of 503 to 34, by which the vote, that he had deserved well of his country, was carried. His speech was highly satisfactory. The funds have improved in consequence of his increased chance for the Presidency.

On Sunday a manifesto from Louis Napoleon appeared, and a change again came over the minds of the Parisians and the star of Bonaparte was again in the ascendant. His address was calculated to win the good opinions of all parties. He avows his republican sincerity and detestation of socialism, says he is the friend of peace with the surrounding nations, and promises, if elected, that he will do all in his power without regard to party, for the benefit of the whole people.

Cavaignac has taken another step within a few days, which cannot fail to influence the contest.

In consequence of the alarming news from Italy, the fears entertained of actual personal danger to the Pope from his own subjects, and his reported flight from Rome, Cavaignac has dispatched four steam frigates, carrying a brigade of 1600 men to Civita Vecchia, for the purpose of securing the liberty of his Holiness, and respect for his person.

The government is using strenuous efforts to carry Cavaignac's election, but the cause of Louis Napoleon preponderates.

THE CONSTITUTION.—Letters from the French province state that nothing could be less enthusiastic than the manner in which the promulgation of the new Constitution has been received.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

Case of the Pearl Prisoners.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5, 1848.

The Circuit Court of this District, the supreme tribunal in all criminal cases—for in criminal cases no writ of error lies in this District to the Supreme Court of the United States—has been engaged for more than a week past on two cases—Daniel Drayton, plaintiff in error, vs. the United States.

These writs of error are brought to review and reverse the conviction of Drayton in the Criminal Court of this District on two several indictments for the larceny of slaves. They are a part of the 345 Pearl cases, of the trial of which, last summer, before the Criminal Court here, I sent you some account.

The counsel for Drayton in those trials filed no less than twelve bills of exceptions in each case to the rulings of Judge Crawford, by whom the cases were tried. The argument of those writs of error before the Circuit Court has consumed no less than seven days—so numerous and important were the errors alleged to be committed by the Judge below. Both cases were opened for the plaintiff in error, by Richard Hildreth, Esq., of Boston, followed by the District Attorney and J. H. Bradley, Esq., an eminent lawyer of this city, retained on behalf of the prosecution. The closing argument for the prisoners was made in the first case by Hon. Horace Mann, and in the second case by J. Mandeville Carlisle, Esq., a young and rising lawyer of this city.

Beside other points of great interest, such as the constitutionality of Slavery in the District of Columbia, color in the District as a presumption of Slavery, and the amount and character of the evidence necessary to establish the fact of servitude in the District, the whole doctrine of the law of larceny was gone into in the fullest manner, especially the application of that doctrine to the subject of slaves. Mr. Hildreth, in his opening, denounced the instructions of Judge Crawford on this point, as not only bad English and bad law, but as exhibiting the appearance of an attempt at legal double entendre, preserving the sound form of legal words, but intended to convey, and actually conveying to the jury, a totally false and unfounded idea of the law. He denounced Judge Crawford's definition of larceny as false and "rotten," unsupported by a single adjudged case in any book, or by a tried treatise on any pretensions, and in its special application to the subject of slave property, in positive and direct contradiction to the whole course of legislation in every slave State of the Union, and to every case on the subject to be found in the books; the boldest attempt at judicial legislation of which he had any knowledge. Mr. District Attorney, when he came to reply, accused the opposite counsel of an indecorous and unfounded attack on the personal character of the Judge.

Mr. Hildreth, in the opening of the second case, denied explicitly that he had made any personal attack on the Judge. He had attacked his instructions and his law; it was those, and not the Judge personally, that he had pronounced "rotten." Of the Judge personally he had said but one thing; and that was, that he was a Pennsylvanian. And why had he said that? To explain how it happened that the Judge had given instructions, not only in contradiction to the whole tenor of the common law, but to the whole course of Southern legislation—a blunder into which a Judge educated at a Southern law school would be so likely to fall.

One of the points made for the prisoner was, that it was necessary to prove the servitude of the negroes alleged to be stolen, by something more than the claim of the master. And the case was likened to that of an indictment for stealing foxes. Now, foxes being animals wild by nature, there can be no property in them sufficient to sustain an indictment for larceny, at least not unless they are alleged and proved to be foxes caught and subjected. While Mr. Mann was proving this illustration, the District Attorney wrote the following lines, and passed them along to the prisoner's counsel:

To illustrate the point he's making—
"In larceny there must be a taking."
A fox, he says, cannot be stolen,
Be he a young or be he an old 'un.
Pursuing bounds say he's mistaken,
At least so far as the taking.

It was not long before the following retort courteous was written on the back of the same paper, which was left on the table for the District Attorney's serious consideration:

Fox-hunting abroad, and slave-hunting in doors,
I beg leave to suggest do not run on all-fours;
Foxes do not eat foxes—brute natures have bounds,
But Mr. District Attorney, out-hounding the hounds,
Hunts men, women, and children, his pocket to fill,
On three hundred indictments, at ten dollars a bill.

The Court has adjourned for a fortnight, to take time to draw up its opinion. Very little doubt is felt of the reversal of the convictions. Another case against Saytes, the master of the vessel, upon which he was fined the very moderate sum of \$11,500, with costs, amounting to \$1,356, for transporting the slaves, yet remains to be considered. That case involves also some very interesting points.

Negro Rising.

An event has just occurred in Arkansas, on one of the large plantations of that State, which irresistibly reminds us of the upheavings and popular struggles for freedom, in the petty principalities on the European continent. Col. William Polk, the owner of the plantation, and of its laborers, recently died. Very soon after this event, his slaves, amounting it is said to some three hundred, rose in open rebellion, helped themselves to what food and clothing they desired, and asserted their freedom. Such at least is the substance of information communicated to the editor of the Memphis Appeal, by a gentleman from Walnut Bend, the scene of the disturbance. And there seems nothing unreasonable in the account. It is just what happens in the petty sovereignties of Europe every little while, on the death of the sovereign or master, and only what is happening just now in many of them without such death. The Appeal says, on the authority named, that "some efforts were made by the few white persons about the premises to restrain them, but these were of no avail. The negroes allege that their

late master promised them if they served him faithfully during his life time, they should be free at his death, and express a determination to free themselves. This is a specially settled neighborhood, there not being a sufficient number of whites within many miles to put them down."—Herald.

Legislative Proceedings in S. Carolina.

The following resolutions have been introduced into the Senate of South Carolina, by the Honorable Joseph A. Black:

1. Resolved, That there is good reason to apprehend that it is the deliberate intention of the people of the Northern States of this Union, to embody into any bill which may be passed by Congress, organizing Territorial Governments for New Mexico and California, a provision for excluding slavery from said territory.

2. Resolved, That we would regard the passage of such a law by Congress, as a gross violation of the Federal compact, an outrage upon the rights of the Southern States, and a wanton, undisguised insult; and that a submission thereto would be degrading and infamous.

3. Resolved, That the State of South Carolina never will, in any contingency, or under any circumstances, submit to any law passed by Congress by which slavery shall be excluded from any territory belonging to this Government, and lying south of the parallel of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes of north latitude.

4. Resolved, That in the event of the passage of such a law by Congress, that the Governor of this State, for the time being, convene the Legislature thereof immediately, in order that such action may be taken as shall be deemed necessary and proper.

5. Resolved, That the State of South Carolina earnestly invites the attention of her sister States of the South to this important subject, and is ready to meet and consult with them, at such time and in such manner as may be deemed advisable, as to the best and most effectual mode of avoiding or resisting the dangers with which we are, in common, threatened.

Treasurer's Report.

RECEIPTS.

Received on Fair Goods,	\$305.75
Collection,	75.74
Harriet Putnam,	1.00
Mrs. Brockway,	50
Elizabeth Marsh,	52
A. Cowles,	1.00
Abner Allen,	1.00
Rumsey Reeve,	5.00
William Galbreath,	5.00
F. P. Brown,	1.00
Jonathan Morris,	5.00
Oliver Buckingham,	50
Julia O. Porter,	50
Asenith Farmer,	50
Sally Bowyer,	50
J. F. Whitmore,	8.00
Chester Lowe,	3.00
Geo. Clapsdiddle,	1.00
Joseph Barnaby,	95
S. H. Case,	2.00
Ezra Borton,	1.00
Miles Menger,	1.00
Sarah Cones,	1.00
William Walker,	1.00
Alex. Glen,	1.00
Granville Bentley,	1.00
Ellis Cope,	1.00
Robert Hall,	25
William Wallace,	1.00
William Lightfoot,	1.00
Eliza Erwin,	2.00
Thomas Whinery,	25
Stephen Barnaby,	25
Joel Sharp,	1.00
William Watson,	10.00
Jonathan Marsh,	1.00
Samuel Brooke,	6.75
William H. Peck,	2.00
William Steadman,	\$0.09
Mary F. Thomas,	4.00
James Clement,	1.00
Thomas M. Bentley,	1.00
Moses Votaw,	1.00
Anne Votaw,	1.00
Ann Thomas,	1.00
S. N. Logue,	2.50
Ellis Johnson,	50
Mrs. C. Curtis,	1.00
Sarah Allen,	50
C. G. Olds,	1.00
Joel McMillan,	3.00
Deborah Miller,	1.00
William McLure,	1.00
Charles Cox,	1.00
Joel K. Farrington,	2.25
Caleb Green,	2.00
Pliny Cook,	5.00
Henry Putnam,	50
Joseph Hayden,	2.00
David L. Galbreath,	1.00
J. F. Kynett,	1.00
William Phelps,	1.00
Geo. H. Chapman,	1.00
Oliver Miller,	1.00
A. Davis,	5.50
Mrs. Fogg,	25
Alex. Crook,	1.25
Abner Buzby,	50
Jno. Holmes,	1.00
Geo. Holmes,	1.10
Richard Roby,	25
Sarah B. Murphy,	90
Samuel Logue,	2.00
Benjamin Hillman,	10.00
William B. Mitchener,	50
A. F. Keith,	2.00
Cornelius Whitacre,	50
Thomas Bishop,	50
Isaac Brooks,	1.00
Polly Brooks,	50
A. Brooks,	50
Orlando Carter,	2.00
Elijah Poor,	3.10
Hesekiah Young,	1.00
Enoch W. Simmons,	95
Uri Oviatt,	1.00
William Meredith,	1.00
Simon Meredith,	5.00
Joseph Carroll,	1.00
Isaac Hilles,	25
Wm. H. Hanna,	1.00
A. & Elizabeth Strong,	1.00
Ezra Brannan,	1.00
Benj. Snowd,	2.50
Howell Hise,	10.00
Wendell Phillips,	1.00
Esther C. Brosius,	1.00
James Ball,	1.00
G. S. Bentley,	50
E. F. Curtis,	1.00
B. S. Jones,	2.50
I. Prescott,	1.35
Joshua Warrington,	1.00

Jonathan Morris,	5.00
David L. Galbreath,	1.35
David Roberts,	1.00
Robt. Hillis,	1.00
D. Johnson,	1.00
Chas. Brosius,	5.00
Lois Holmes,	3.25
Saml. Myers,	1.75
Jas. Barnaby,	2.50
Geo. Freed,	1.00
John Smith,	8.00
Edmond Smith,	5.00
Mary Donaldson,	50.00
Benj. Brown,	10.00
Joseph Saxon,	10.00
Alpheus Cowles,	1.00
	\$689.00

EXPENDITURES.

Paid to S. Brooke, on Press,	12.50
" S. Brooke, Commission on collecting pledges,	41.75
" S. Brooke, on account of money due him on subscription to Bugle,	27.04
" W. Steadman, on Press,	49.50
" J. W. Walker, on account of salary for this and last year,	100.00
Paid Note in Bank,	200.00
" Publishing Agent on account expenses of Bugle,	104.47
" F. Johnson for wagoning,	2.50
" Postage,	93
" H. W. Curtis, on account of salary,	12.50
" J. F. Carroll, on Press,	5.00
" B. S. Jones, on account of last year's salary,	104.76
Balance on hand,	7.66
	\$689.00

ISAAC TRESPCOTT,

Treasurer.

Salmon, December 10th, 1848.

Some of the above payments have been previously acknowledged in the list of pledges published soon after the Annual Meeting.

Receipts.

Gideon Waters, Fowler,	\$0-200
Caroline Meeker,	\$0-200
Prudence Putnam, New Lyme,	\$00-368
Ed. Coffin,	1,00-236
F. H. Loomis,	1,00-235
Rumsey Reeve,	1,00-245
P. Waldorf, Mecca,	1,00-217
Obed Lawrence, Concautville,	\$0-200
Ira Randall, Elk Creek,	\$0-197
L. Phelps, Cherry Valley,	1,00-246
Elijah Whinery, New Garden,	1,00-245
Jno. Gibbons, Salem,	1,00-246
Ellen Clark, Wadsworth,	1,00-166
Salmon Hart, Montville,	\$00-208
M. Hamquin,	75-97
Joseph Miller,	1,25-185
Joseph Kitchen, Massillon,	3,25-245
Wm. Lowrie, Darlington,	1,00-225
J. A. Benedict, Unionville,	2,25-186
A. Marten, Birmingham,	1,00-119
Jas. Cowden, Mt. Jackson,	1,50-173
A. A. Davis, Orangeville,	1,00-226
T. Townsend, New Brighton,	1,50-177
"Jessey Putney, Hudley,	1,00-204
Jno. Armstrong, Columbiana,	1,50-227
Susanna Brown, Zanesfield,	1,00-227
Thomas Pennock,	1,00-246
Wm. Frew, Twinsburg,	1,00-237
Sylvester McClure, Delaware,	2,00-230
Luther Vining, Bennington,	1,00-227
Melvin Brown, Richfield,	1,00-227
Alonzo Hosmer, Parkman,	1,50-194
Jno. McElroy, Hundyburg,	1,00-141
Alexander Glens,	\$0-166
Anson Hatch,	\$00-208
Elijah Pierce, Austinburg,	1,00-244
L. Bissell,	1,00-237
Rev. J. B. Bartholomew, Eagleville,	1,00-227
Wm. Wallace, Lowellville,	1,00-223
Hiram Hambleton, Mercer,	\$0-200
Wm. Hambleton, Harrisville,	\$0-209
W. H. Sykes, Painesville,	2,00-230
Phoebe Hinckley, Salem,	2,00-228
Mary Walton, Rutland,	\$00-221
A. Allen, Bethlehem,	\$0-181
L. Mescham, Eagleville,	\$0-224
Eliza Davis, East Rochester,	1,00-208
W. J. Wadsworth, Franklin Mills,	1,00-251

* A part of this \$1 will have to be used in prepaying the postage to the Canada line—hence the number paid to is much smaller.

Q.—Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers' name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

No subscriber need expect that a reduction from the price of \$1.50 will be made, unless the money is forwarded at the time specified in the published terms.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

POETRY.

Old Opinions.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Once we thought that Power Eternal
Had decreed the woes of man;
That the human heart was wicked,
Since its pulses first began;
That the earth was but a prison,
Dark and joyless as the best,
And that men were born for evil,
And imbibed it from the breast;
That 'twas vain to think of urging
Any earthly progress on.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought all human sorrows
Were predestined to endure;
That, as laws had never made them,
Laws were impotent to cure;
That the few were born superior,
Though the many might rebel;
That to sit at Nature's table,
We to pick the crumbs that fell;
That to live upon the fainess—
We the starving, lack and want.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that Kings were holy,
Doing wrong by right Divine;
That the Church was Lord of Conscience,
Arbiter of Mine and Thine.
That whatever priests commanded
No one could resist and live;
And that all who differed from them
It was error to forgive;
Right to send to stake or halter
With eternal malison.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that sacred Freedom
Was a cursed and tainted thing;
Foe of Peace, and Law, and Virtue;
Foe of Magistrate and King;
That all vile and rampant passion
Ever found its path;
Lust and Plunder, War and Rapine,
Tears, and Anarchy, and Wrath.
That the angel was a cruel,
Haughty, blood-stained Amazon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that Education
Was a luxury for the few;
That to give it to the many
Was to give it scope undue.
That 'twas foolish to imagine
It could be as free as air;
Common as the glorious sunshine
To the child of want and care;
That the poor man's child—
Quarrel'd with his toil anon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought it right to foster
Local jealousies and pride;
Right to hate another nation
Parted from us by a tide;
Right to go to war for glory,
Or extension of domain;
Right, through fear of foreign rivals,
To refuse the needful grain;
Right to bar it out till famine
Drew the bolt with fingers wan.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Old opinions, rags and tatters:
Ye are worn;—ah, quite threadbare;
We must cast you off for ever;
We are wiser than we were;
Never fitting, always cramping,
Letting in the wind and sleet,
Chilling us with rheums and agues,
Or inflaming us with heat;
We have found a mental salve
Purer, whiter to put on.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

The Frost Spirit.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes,
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields,
And brown hill's wither'd brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the grey old
trees,
Where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds that follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes
From the frozen Labrador;
From the icy ridge of the northern seas,
Where the white bear wanders o'er;
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below,
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere,
Intoxicated statues grow.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes
And the quiet lake shall feel,
The torpid touch of his freezing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danc'd on the broken
rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes,
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire,
His evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round,
When the firelight dances high,
And gaily laugh at the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by.

The Truly Free.

Who are the free? The sons of God,
That hate oppression, strife, and blood;
Who are the slaves? The men that sell
God's image for the gains of hell!

They scourge the frame, the sinews bind;
They trample on the immortal mind;
Earth can endure the guilt no more,
And God rolls on the avenging hour.

Proclaim his truth, spread forth his laws;
Strike at the sin his soul abhors;
Break every yoke, the slave release,
Let chains, and stripes, and bondage cease.

Thus shall the world resemble heaven;
Oppression back to hell be driven;
And Love shall bind, in sweet accord,
All nations, ransom'd of the Lord!

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to have Good Neighbors. AN EXAMPLE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BAD ONES.

"So you have bought the pleasant farm where Mr. Dalton used to live?" said Mrs. Emery to Mrs. Austin. "It is a pretty place but after all I shall not envy you; for there will be the Watsons under your elbow, and worse neighbors you never found. Watson you know, spends all he can get for liquor, and his wife is little better than himself; indeed, some say if she was the woman she should be, her husband would be a better man. And their children—the pests of the neighborhood—brought up to idleness and mischief, they bid fair to perpetuate their parent's character."

"Poor children," said Mrs. A. mournfully; "what better can we expect of them, than that they will perpetuate their parents' character, except there be redeeming influences cast around them. Their poor mother had much to harden her heart. She was an orphan cast out on the world in infancy. Her heart never unfolded the buds of its affections beneath the genial smiles of parental love. Every thing in her that was good was checked by the evil influences which surrounded her. How can we expect one to be good and kind, who never knew what kindness was herself? We do not know, Mrs. Emery, what we should be if our fate had been like hers."

"True, true," replied Mrs. E., "but it does seem as if she might know enough to let her neighbors' property alone; you know they say she will steal."

"She does not know that she should not steal. But you and I ought to thank heaven that, strong as we think our principles to be, they have not been tried by temptations such as hers. We do not know what it is to be hungry and cold, and see our little ones shivering round us, crying for bread, while our neighbors have enough and to spare."

"Very well," said Mrs. Emery, rather indignantly; "we shall see how you like to have your cloths line and fruit trees robbed every now and then."

"That will be very unpleasant if it occurs," was the quiet reply. "But I believe society is guilty of a good deal of the mischief it suffers from such persons. They are educated in poverty and vice—love fall in the cheerless childhood—no kind voices warn them of the evils which surround their path—no kind hand is extended to raise them up when falling; but they are often repelled with aversion and contempt by those who profess to be Christians and philanthropists."

"You have singular notions, Mrs. Austin," rejoined her friend. "For myself, I confess I cannot help feeling an aversion to such people, and wishing them as far off as possible."

"We never had bad neighbors," said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully; "if this family cannot be improved, it may be unpleasant living by them."

A few days after the above conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took possession of their new home. They were humble unpretending people, but they were Christians, and they had learned to believe it their duty to imitate the example of their master. They were not among those whose sympathies were inactive, when excited by miseries which pass before their eyes.

They had entered upon a sphere which was to give a trial to their patience, and an opportunity for the exercise of their Christian benevolence. As soon as they were settled, Mrs. Austin called upon the Watsons. It was not without a feeling of loathing that she entered their ruinous hovel, but she was resolved to get acquainted with them, and if possible, to do them good. The children, poor little dirty, half naked things, ran away to hide when she entered, and Mrs. Watson, with a look of surprise, rose up and offered her a broken chair.

"We have just come into the place," said she, "and as I am anxious to become acquainted with my neighbors, I have taken the liberty to call."

"I am much obliged," said Mrs. Watson. "People seldom take so much notice of us."

Mrs. Austin inquired kindly respecting her health, and found that the poor woman was far from being well. The children began to creep around. She displayed a handful of apples, which she took from her pocket, and they soon gathered around her. She gave each an apple, and patted their curly heads, with kind and gentle words. The little creatures looked wildly at her, as if unable to comprehend the cause of such unlooked kindness.

When the kind lady rose to depart, she asked Mrs. Watson to let Mary, a child of seven years, accompany her home, that she might send her some medicines.

The child sprang forward with a cry of pleasure, and placing her hand in Mrs. Austin's, looked up affectionately in her face; then starting back, she looked at her mother, who she remembered had not given her consent. Mrs. W. told Mary that she might go, but promised her a whipping if she was not back soon.

Mrs. Austin took the child and departed. It was a cold day in November, and the wind fluttered poor Mary's frock, and blew back the tangled curls from her naked brow. Mrs. Austin tied her handkerchief over her head—"are not your feet cold?" she said, as she looked down and saw that she had no shoes on.

"Yes ma'am," said Mary, "but mother says we shall get no shoes this winter, for father spends all he can get for drink."

They reached home, and Mrs. A. found she had a pair of shoes and a shawl for little Mary, and some medicine for her mother.

The child had never been so happy before as she was when she tripped home that night. She was not only delighted with the presents she had received, but the kind words and kind looks of her friend had fallen like sunshine upon her heart.

When Mr. Austin came home, his wife informed him of the call she had made.

"The situation of the family is truly deplorable," she added, "is there nothing we can do for them?"

"Indeed, I do not know," replied her husband.

"If there is, I doubt not you will think of it."

Watson is terribly besotted; I met him to-night reeling home, probably to abuse his family; and yet they say when he is sober he is a kind hearted, peaceable man."

"He has a good trade, and if he could be

prevailed upon to work without drinking he could support his family well. His poor wife seems indolent and hopeless, but if she could see the prospect of better days, she would no doubt do better."

"To be sure," replied Mr. Austin, thoughtfully, "he has a good trade, and was once considered the best workman in town; but he has become so intemperate that none will employ him. I don't know what supports his family; they must often be in wretched destitution."

"Wretched destitution indeed," exclaimed his wife. "And now I think how we may help them. You know we want some one to work on the house immediately. Employ him, and perhaps by keeping him out of the way of temptation and giving him proper encouragement, we may induce him to break off his brutal habits."

"That is a good idea, Jane, and I will see him to-morrow and try to engage him."

The next morning the Watsons were not a little surprised to see Mr. Austin enter their dwelling. His heart grew sick at the prospect of sin and misery around him. The shivering children were eagerly pressing round a table on which there was no food except a few potatoes. The father was standing at a shelf preparing his morning's portion, and Mrs. W. with uncombed hair and dirty face, stood in a menacing attitude, upbraiding him with loud and angry words.

"Good morning, Mr. Watson," said he. "Good morning, sir," replied the poor man, with a blench. "I don't feel well this morning and was about to take some blisters."

"Don't take them, they will do you no good, and I want to talk to you on business."

Watson looked at him with surprise, and then, as he saw the father's face, seated himself to hear what he had to say.

"I wish to hire you to work on my house," continued Mr. A. "We have several unfinished rooms, and if you will come I will pay you at Mr. Frost's store, where you can obtain groceries and clothes for your family."

There was something so different in the kind manner of Mr. Austin from the rude contempt with which he was usually treated that he felt his heart expand—he again was a man among men.

When night came, and the next morning, true to his promise, Watson came to his work. He commenced, but his hand was unsteady, and his manner restless. Mr. Austin noticed it, and kept him engaged in cheerful conversation. Before noon he asked for cider; he was told he could have none, but Mr. Austin sent him a mug of hot ginger beer, which he drank eagerly, for his thirst was intense.

He kept at his work, but evidently suffered much for the want of his accustomed stimulant.

When night came, Mr. A. took him to the store, and paid for his work in some articles necessary for his family; and with kind, encouraging words, bade him good night.

When he got home and exhibited a large cat fish and a bag of flour, the children shouted for joy. It takes but little to make children happy. Alas! that that little should be denied them. Mrs. Watson's face wore an expression of pleasure quite unusual to her, while she went to prepare supper.

A tear came into the father's eye, as he looked upon his half naked children, and witnessed the joy which one day's labor had conferred on him. He placed the child on his knee and kissed her cheek with parental kindness. His passions had been checked, his better nature was aroused, and he had thought and acted during the evening.

His past life came up before him. He remembered his own neglected and hopeless childhood; for he was a drunkard's child. He saw that the evil habits which he then contracted were working the ruin of himself and family; and the question came home to his heart, whether he should entail a like curse upon his posterity and make the little ones around him outcasts from society like himself. He resolved that for one week at least, he would not drink. He lay down on his pillow that night with a feeling of satisfaction that he had not experienced for years.

The next day Mrs. Austin sent for little Mary to come and spend the day with her, and take care of the baby. Poor little Mary! she was not pretty. How could she be with that cold, hungry look, and those dirty rags about her? She was not good; for she had seen nothing but evil all her days. The air she breathed in the cradle was polluted with the breath of drunkenness and blasphemy. Yet to Mrs. Austin she was an interesting child; for she was gentle and affectionate, and her little shut up heart seemed to open and expand, when a smile of love fell on it, as the convulsions unfolded its blossoms to the rays of the rising sun.

Mrs. Austin washed her face and combed her hair. She had pretty, yellow curls, and a very fair complexion, and the kind lady putting on her clean apron, thought her really beautiful. The wo-begone expression had vanished from her pale face, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. She seemed for the first time to enjoy that buoyancy of spirit which belongs to childhood. All day long she was busy as a bee, and when night came and her father's work was done, she went in to Mrs. Austin to have the apron taken off.

"Would you like to keep it?" said the lady.

"Oh, yes ma'am," said the child, a tear coming into her eye. "I should like to keep it very much, but it is not mine."

"You may keep it then, dear, and be sure it is kept clean."

Sweet and happy were her thoughts that night as she tripped home by her father's side, and when she laid down on her lone bed, a princess might have envied her the beautiful dreams that filled her little head. Thus day after day passed—the work on Mr. Austin's house went on, and no less visible was the transformation that was taking place among the Watsons. The children were comfortably clothed and sent to school, and their mother with revived health and courage, set about cleaning her cottage. The broken windows were repaired, a few articles of furniture purchased, and their home assumed an appearance of comfort which it never wore before.

But the work was at last done, and paid for; and poor Watson's heart sunk within him as he left the house. His appetite had been checked, and he had tasted the delights of sober industry; but he felt weak, and he dreaded to leave the roof where he had seen so much purity and peace, and to go forth among his former associates. He knew their power over him, and he feared they might lead him into his old habits, and make him again as miserable as he had been.

It was with such thoughts as these that he sat by his fireside the evening after he had finished his work, when a gentleman entered

and respectfully inquired, if he was Mr. Watson, the carpenter. Being answered in the affirmative, he said that Mr. Austin had recommended him as a good workman, and he wished to employ him for several months.

The child came with joy, and the reformed inebriate was again placed under circumstances favorable to his good purposes; and not long after he was induced to join a temperance society, of which he has ever since been a respectable member.

A year has passed away since the commencement of our story, and Mrs. Emery came one day to visit her friend Mrs. Austin. In the course of the afternoon, a well dressed and decent looking woman came in, leading a little child. Great was the surprise of Mrs. Emery, on being introduced to this woman, to find that she was no other than Mrs. Watson. When she arose to depart, Mrs. Austin said to her, "If you can spare little Mary I wish you would send her here this afternoon, I want her to help me."

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, "Mary shall come, for she is never so happy as when she is here."

When she was gone, Mrs. A. said to her friend, "You remember your fears that we should have a good deal of trouble with these Watsons, but there is not a family in the neighborhood who have afforded us more pleasure."

"This is strange indeed. Mrs. Watson is so changed that I did not recognize her. I am sure I should have known her in her former rags and dirt."

"The whole family are changed since Watson left off drinking. They are industrious and honest as any people among us; but you will soon see little Mary, who is one of the sweetest children in the world."

"But tell me what has brought this mighty change to pass? Are you the magician whose magic wand has brought about this great revolution?"

"I believe there has been no magic employed," said Mrs. Austin, smiling. "We have given them little except kind words and a good deal of kind advice."

"Well," said Mrs. Emery, "you never had bad neighbors, and I don't believe you ever will have, if you have made good neighbors of the Watsons."

Good Lord, Good Devil.

Fraz Horn tells us in one of his frisky little sentences describing the between which so remarkably characterized the great Erasmus, that Erasmus was like a man who should bury a splendid church for the service of God, with a nice little chapel beside, in which he might occasionally worship the Devil. And it is told of certain heathen nations, that they explain the great honor they pay the latter, by saying, they do not know into whose hands they may fall after death. There is a great deal of human nature in these stories, as there is said to be, by good authority, in man generally, and, as our friend, Dr. Bailey says, in the National Era, in particular. The four words at the head of this paragraph illustrate every important and common trait in human character. Hudibras shows one phase of it in the worthy inn who

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to,
And of another respectable individual, some modern genius has sung.

Paul, with his charity his conscience calms,
He casts a pig and gives the tail for alms.

The following anecdote, we think casts some light on the same trait. We give it as we got it from a dignified divine of our acquaintance, who adds to the character of one of the most laborious and useful of western clergymen, the agreeable concomitant of being one of the most companionable—may his shadow (which is no small one)—never be less!

During the late war with Great Britain, a sentinel was stationed in a small barn on the lines, which had the reputation of being haunted by the upper story was 'full of empires,' to all appearance, yet at night was heard, by the terrified soldier on duty, a rolling and rumbling, as of a dozen barrels over head, and, very naturally, the soldiers became very loth to occupy it after dark. A bragging fellow offered his services for the duty, with many protestations of fearlessness and taunts at his comrades for being so easily scared. Pretty soon after he heard the noise beginning, and whistled stoutly to keep his courage up—after awhile he called out, 'Who's there?' and as the noise went on and increased, he gathered up all his cooing valor into a tremendous and comprehensive adjuration. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, what the d—l are you doing up there?'—*Louisville Examiner.*

Things in India.

Murder of a Mogul Officer.—The great difficulty encountered by the British Government, in its attempt to suppress the murderous practices of the Thugs, (a class of malignant fanatics in India,) is well known. The following account of the murder of a Mogul officer, was derived from one of the Thugs, at Lucknow:

"A stout Mogul officer, of noble bearing, and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjab to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmuk near Gant, near Meerut, to pass through Moradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turkey horse, and attended by his Khidmaltar, (butler) and groom. Soon after crossing the river, he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men, going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions and tried to remove them, but all in vain; the Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swelling with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men but of a different appearance—all Musselmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner, talked of the danger of the road, and the necessity of keeping together and taking advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, and resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted; his nostrils began again to swell; and putting his hand to his sword, he bid them all be off, or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening another party, that had lodged in the same

surge, became very intimate with the butler and groom; they were going the same road, and as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends, the groom and butler who were coming up behind. The Mogul's nostrils began again to swell, and he bade the strangers be off. The groom and butler interceded, for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted company. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got to the middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Musselmans, sitting weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more, after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were poor unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran. Would his Highness but perform this last office for them, he would, no doubt, find his reward in this world and the next. The body had been placed in its proper position, with the head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread. The Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body—called for water, and washed his feet, hands and face, that he might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down, and began to repeat the funeral service in a clear loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence. The other four went off a few paces to beg that the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good Samaritan at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low, under tone, gave the signal, the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks, and in a few minutes all the three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner, the head of one at the feet of the one below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumal de hee Thugs, of the Kingdom of Oude."

A Cemetery without a Monument.

The noblest of cemeteries is the ocean.—Its poetry is, and in human language ever will be, unwritten. Its elements of sublimity are subjects of feeling, not description. Its records, like the reflections mirrored on its waveless bosom, cannot be transferred to paper. Its vastness—its eternal heaving—its majestic music in a storm, and its perils, are things of which I had endeavored a thousand times to conceive. But until I was on its mighty bosom, looking out upon its moving mountain waves, feeling that eternity was distant from me the thickness of a single plank, I had tried in vain to feel and know the glories and grandeur of the sea. I there first felt what John of Patmos meant when he said of heaven—"There shall be no more sea." But there is one element of moral sublimity which impressed my mind, and which I should be pleased if I could transfer, in all its vividness, to the minds of your readers. The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument.

All other grave-yards, in all lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor. But in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all. The same requiem by the minstrelsy is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat and the same sun shines. And there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unheeled, will sleep on until, awakened by the same trump, the sea will give up its dead.

I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but brilliant career, perished in the President. Over the laughing loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel, who may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he, and thousands of others of the noble spirits of earth lie, none but God knoweth. No marble rises to point where their ashes are gathered, or where the lover of the good and wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery has no ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody. In no other are so many inimitable traces of the power and glory of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed over this noblest of cemeteries without a single human monument.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Press.—The steam engine of moral power, which, directed by the spirit of the age, will eventually crush imposture, superstition, and tyranny.

Purgatory.—One of the few inventions of prehistoric that almost deserves to be true, for a medium was wanted between the two extremes of perdition and salvation.

Reason.—The proud prerogative which confers on man the exclusive privilege of acting and conversing rationally.

Respectability.—Keeping up appearances, paying your bills regularly, walking out now and then with your wife, and going occasionally to church. It is always said that a man who is worth money, must be a man of worth.

Revenge.—A momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse, whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Scandal.—What one half of the world takes a pleasure in inventing and the other half in believing.

Speculation.—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

Supper.—A receipt for indigestion and a sleepless night.

Time.—The vehicle which carries everything into nothing.

Tolerance.—Being wise enough to have no difference with those who differ from us.

Trials.—Moral ballast, that often prevents our capsizing.

Wags and Wits.—Lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others.

Wind Mills.—Machines which are only kept going by being perpetually puffed, in which respect they bear a pointed resemblance to certain authors. The latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, whereas the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

(*) Mankind are indisposed to think; souls make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection; there is an opium haze stretched over all the world, which continually rains asopific.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES BARNABY, PLAIN & FANCY TAILOR.

Cutting down to order, and all work warranted.
Corner of Main & Chestnut streets, Salem,
Ohio.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESCOTTS.
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

DAVID WOODRUFF,

MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c
A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the latest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of
HARDWARE and CUTLERY.
No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati.
January, 1848.

BENJAMIN BOWN,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL
GROCER,
TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER,
AND DEALER IN
Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles.
No. 141, Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.

COVERLET and INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For these two machines spin the woolen yarn union or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.
ROBERT HINSHILL WOOD,
Green street, Salem.
June 16th, 1848. 6m—148

FRUIT TREES.

The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 44 miles north-west of Salem.

ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.

August 11, 1848. 4f

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.
New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Mariboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swaine.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bridgman; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor, Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGraw.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. White more.
Astor Town; A. G. Richardson
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Puckett.
Keosauqua; Ira C. Mauley.
Penn; John L. Michener.
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh H. Vashen.